"You, as an Eternal Spark of the Supreme Being (the Creator of the Universe) can never be wiped out of existence. You have the power to assert your (Real) Self at any time!"—*S. Lowe.*

The following lines were written after the so-called "death" of a very, dear, friend who was "up in years" and her passing from the body gave merciful release from certain distressing limitations of the flesh:

There Is No Death!

Of our dear friend I cannot say
That she is now too far away—
She's run her good long course on Earth
And now she rests. Soon Love's new birth
Shall claim her into Realms of Light
Forever lovely, in garments bright.
Here she can see as she is seen;
Here there are no veils between!

Here she hears as she is heard
And gratitude 's within her stirred;
Henceforth no marks of human age
Shall register upon Life's page;
For in the Realms where she has gone,
There's only youth to look upon;
There's only happiness and peace;
From shadows there's complete release!

It's a "Wonderland"! All things made new—
At first, it seems it can't be true!
Ah, but it is! It is God's Way,
All life to live in Eternal Day.
Oh! She is grateful to be there,
Released from every earthly care.
It's good to know that naught can sever
Th' reward of Freedom—HERS FOREVER!

Oh! Beloved heart—we're glad you're free
From all God never meant to be!
And now we ask, our friend so dear,
Forget not us abiding here!
We're counting on your love renewed,
With loyalty and strength imbued;
Your courage, firm persistent stand,
Shall raise us all to th' Heavenland!

HOPE

HEALTH OPULENCE PEACE ENLIGHTENMENT

Volume 2 **June-July, 1956** **No. 2**

A Prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me a channel of Thy peace, that where there is hatred I may bring Love • That where there is wrong I may bring the spirit of Forgiveness • That where there is discord I may bring Harmony • That where there is error I may bring Truth • That where there is doubt I may bring Faith • That where there is despair I may bring Hope • That where there are shadows I may bring Thy Light • That where there is sadness I may bring Joy •

Lord, grant that I may seek rather to comfort than to be comforted; To understand than to be understood; To love than to be loved • For it is by giving that one receives • It is by self-forgetting that one finds • It is by forgiving that one is forgiven • It is by dying * that one awakens to Eternal Life •

* (This refers, of course, to man's lower nature only.)

Also in this issue:
The Art of Living!
The Great White Brotherhood (St. Francis of Assisi)
St. Francis and the Birds!
Brother Wolf!
God-Success—Do You Want It?
By Your Words

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SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

(His Life)

Said St. Francis, Himself, in some of His later works:

"In Assisi I belonged to a class called by the mind of the senses 'the nobility', which title, however, was shallow and empty of inner meaning. I well remember during those gay and carefree days of my youth how there pressed upon me from time to time a passing Breath that contained an illusive scent and feeling of another Realm, to which somehow I felt that I had once belonged. As this experience intensified, the 'richness' of my daily life palled upon my senses and an unrest rose within me which sent me often and more often into the beautiful countryside where my soul seemed to experience a temporary peace and this yearning and searching fire within me was, for the time being, assuaged. I can remember yet, lying on the green grass by the side of a small but very clear stream and hearing the rustle of the wind in the trees above my head—while my soul yet bound to the body hovered on the brink of Eternity . . . reaching, reaching, reaching toward an indescribable and unexplainable *something* of which I knew not, but which my soul in itself sought, knowing no restraint of reason.

Those months and years, when the body and soul were at odds, were strange and restless ones. When the *body* sought its pleasure, the *soul* was distressed and when the *soul* would burst its bonds of flesh, (intent upon an individual search which the reason could not understand) , the *body,* like a sulky child, restrained the wings of that soul and deliberately setting up obstacles in the way of its upward reaching. There was no peace within me and, according to my family and friends, there was no peace around me nor in my company. I was torn between allegiance to both these factors which seemed determined in themselves to secure supremacy over my going out and my coming in.

This day of which I speak, when the sky was blue and the wind was not aggressive but gliding through the trees in playtime fashion, *the soul* within me was in the ascendancy and my outer self, like a good-natured baron, contemptuously allowed it a few hours of freedom. All at once during her faltering, stumbling flight—searching, seeking, reaching—there came a great Light and within that Light was the perfume—

the fullness of all that my soul had sought. Within it stood a beautiful Being Whose outline became clearer as the trembling of my heart was stilled. Then I saw the most beautiful face that ever God created! I somehow knew that, in that Majestic Presence, *I was seeing myself as I was meant to be* and the same words which were spoken centuries ago to Another (Beloved Jesus) swept through my memory—'This is My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased.' Then I realized that this Shining Vision set before mine eyes was the Father's example of what all men should become."

Giovanni (John) was born in Roman Assisi in the year 1182, son of Pietro Bernardoni, a wealthy merchant of the Middle Ages. Pietro, ambitious and grasping, readily acquired enough wealth to establish himself among the "newly rich".

Upon returning from one of his business ventures across the Alps, where he attended the French markets frequented by traders from all over the world, the elder Bernardoni changed the name of his son, "John", to the more uncommon name of "Francis", giving thereby, as a mark of snobbery, a greater "distinction" to a member of his family.

Francis was early sent to a priest's school in the village but his lively, imaginative disposition and love of Nature refused the limitations of the more stereotyped learning.

During the day, Francis dutifully and faithfully measured cloth in his father's shop, but the evenings—ah, those evenings! How he loved the feastings, gaiety, display, fine clothes and a carefree, rollicking good time. His purse was always well filled and his extravagance knew no bounds, even to the slinging of the clinking coins into the street with exceeding great pleasure.

Withal, his life was not entirely divided between the merchant's mart and social abandon. He did have moments of serenity with even strange, incomprehensible forebodings. His character mirrored the refined, sensitive and gentle qualities of his noble French mother, Pica. He was fascinated by stories of Charlemagne and his paladins or by legends of King Arthur and his knights, aspiring to be like them. Too, he was very fond of music. Nothing delighted him more than to lead a group of young troubadours through the highways of Umbria singing the songs they knew so well.

Then there came the day when Assisi, engaged in a war with

a neighboring city, Perugia, was badly defeated. Francis, who had taken up arms in her defense, for a year was confined within prison walls. Soon after his release he fell ill of a fever and for quite some time death held him within its grasp. It was then that the inklings of an uncertain vocation began to creep into his consciousness. When he was again able to walk about the house, leaning on a stick, he longed for the beauty of the broad, green, fertile plains and wooded mountain slopes. This time when he looked upon the once sweet and attractive landscape near Assisi, they did not respond to him. All life suddenly became desert-like and barren.

Francis longed for adventure in far-away places, so he prepared to enlist under the banner of the Assisian noble and French captain, Walter of Brienne and to cross the sea with him toward the mysterious and sacred East. Again he was overcome with illness and military life (as the servant of another) lost its incentive. He wanted to head an undertaking of his own.

"You are to become a soldier" said a voice to him during a moment of meditation,—"*a leader* of soldiers under the banner of the King."

"God intends me for some mission" he reflected as he returned again to Assisi; *but what,* he knew not. He betook himself to a cave outside the city to pray to the Father for enlightenment. He continued working at his father's business and revelled of evenings with his friends—but—he was not the same Francis.

One evening, unnoticed by the other of his companions, he became suddenly absorbed in an indescribable ecstacy. He felt the nearness of the Presence of God. An intense love and compassion for the poor overwhelmed him, but the exact nature of his mission was not then revealed to him.

He set out for Rome, hoping at St. Peter's to receive illumination. Here he changed his vestments for the garments of the poor and asked alms with the most distressed of them—as did the Buddha centuries past at the foot of the Himalayas when He, too, "wrestled with the Angel" of His conscience; (except, with Francis, *his* act was but dramatic caprice, lacking in depth and earnestness). However, he was *still* the son of a merchant and his companions had not seen him!

Approaching the outskirts of Assisi on his return trip from

St. Peter's, he was accosted by a leper asking him for sustenance. It was nothing for Francis to scatter coins in largess. He had done so with eagerness at the most riotous of banquets. This time, however, his first impulse was to spur his horse and gallop on, but an inner voice forbade him. Here was a fellow creature seeking more than money, pleading silently for love, for understanding, for brotherly consideration. Without knowing why, he leaped from his horse, gave away his purse and embraced his needy brother. He then entered the nearby leper's home and gave to all the inmates the kiss of fellowship. Love had finally triumphed over his haughty pride. Only a short time before had he held his nose when he passed this building in which the diseased were housed.

As yet, he had not relinquished the daily round of measuring cloth in the merchant's shop. At a fair in a neighboring city, he disposed of a bundle of merchandise for a sizable return. Reflecting on the transaction did not make him happy. Possessions and quarrelings over possessions was beneath his chivalrous dignity. He sold his horse and walked home, a three day's journey on foot.

On the way he stopped to rest at San Damiano, an abandoned church. His mission yet stored in his consciousness was trying to push through to the surface and He wanted to pray about it. He gave his money to help repair the leaning walls of the chapel.

So long gone, Pietro became anxious and went in search of him. Neighbors had informed him of the whereabouts of his son. It was enough that an heir of his should have strange vagaries about becoming a knight, but living the life of a hermit in a little hut beside San Damiano exasperated father Bernardoni!

Anticipating the arrival of his irate parent, Francis had fled to an underground retreat. Pietro, much alarmed, returned home in confusion. Francis remained in hiding—weeping, fasting, praying the while.

"This is no way for me to honor the Lord," thought Francis. "I shall openly return to Assisi".

He was welcomed by his fellow citizens with remarks of amusement, abuse, mockery, scorn—punctuated with handfuls of dirt and not a few stones. His father, much chagrined, flung him into the dark cellar.

It so happened that, in a few days, Pietro was called away on business, leaving the prisoner in the care of his mother, Pica. Her kindness, however, prevailed no more upon her son to change his ways than had his father's cruelty. In dismay she released him from the "cell". He returned to the only retreat he knew, San Damiano.

Again the elder Bernardoni appealed to Francis at the retreat, but again the young hermit was adamant in his stand. His father saw there was nothing to do but to disinherit the one-time successor to his business. He appealed to the magistrate to retrieve all the money that Francis had given to repair the neglected church. The accused refused to appear before such authority but he did relent when he was told Bishop Guido wished to see him in his office. Before his parent and others, he told the pious leader he would no longer call anyone father save his Father in Heaven. His was not mere resignation to circumstances nor a negative renunciation; nor did unbalanced fanaticism override his better judgment. His was a positive, purposeful program. So happy was he with his newfound freedom and fellowship with God, that to him material possessions were but a cumbersome nuisance. Donning a hermit's garb, he again entered Assisi; this time to ask for alms to continue the repair of his much-loved church. Daily he humiliated himself among the people who, but a short while ago, had heralded him as king among revellers. His brother, Angelo, now ridiculed him and his one-time father pelted him with curses.

Nevertheless, he went about his Father's business,—rebuilding San Damiano. Completing that task, he set about begging for lime and stone to restore Santa Maria degli Angeli, later known as "Porziuncola". The actual labor he did himself.

Then it happened—on February 24, 1209, in this very chapel of Santa Maria which he had repaired with his own hands! An evangelist was reading Christ's message from Matthew: "Go preach, saying the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick; cleanse the lepers; raise the dead; cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give! Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses; nor scrip for your journey; neither two coats; neither shoes; nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat."

"That is it! That is it!" said Francis. His spirit fairly leaped! "That is my mission among men". It was as if Jesus had spoken to him directly.

It was not that he was merely to restore the crumbling chapels; he was to revive the Church of Christ—Its spirit, Its life, Its zeal, enthusiasm and joy! The Fire of God had all but been extinguished in the hearts of men. No wonder the buildings were in a state of decay. The body always disintegrates when the spirit has expired. He was to revive this Spirit of Christ in the souls of men. To do this, *he must live His words* as well as preach them.

He no longer shied from mankind's company; *he sought them out* to bear them the glad tidings. People were stirred by the message which leaped from the spirit in his heart. *His were not mere words.* The Fire of God blazed through them, for Francis did not speak of his own volition. It was the Father within him who did the works. The withering souls of men who heard him, therefore, took on new life; enthusiasm invigorated them.

Francis did not ask that others follow *him,* but he was happy when two men,—a wealthy citizen, Bernardo, and a Doctor of Law, Cattani, did offer to "sell what they had" to practice his word. Together, the three of them called themselves the "Poor Brothers of Assisi". Edidio, a humble, unlettered, but sincere man also joined them. Soldiers indeed they were, the four of them; voluntary recruits of God; knights of Christ, succeeding those of King Arthur. Soon three others came among them—then a fourth—making, with St. Francis, eight in all. Now they could go out in four directions in pairs; for as Francis admonished them "This Christ Life is not for us alone but for all mankind".

Thus they proceeded on their first missionary journey toward the "four corners" of the Earth, forming thus a cross from the center—the little chapel of Santa Maria.

Upon their return, four others joined them. They then took the name "Lesser Brothers" or "Friars Minor", and many were their travels among the people everywhere, teaching peace to all mankind.

When their numbers over the then known world had increased greatly, the church of Santa Maria on the outskirts of Assisi became the Mecca for them each year at Pentecost,—

and not only for the "Order of the Brothers", but for all who were followers of the Christ—for mankind everywhere.

It was here that St. Francis closed this chapter of his consecrated life. On October 3, 1226, surrounded by those most dear to him and while singing praise to his Creator, his sweet spirit left the body in which it had been temporarily housed.

"BROTHER WOLF"

All life responds to Divine love. The more one pours out love to life in general, the more peace, harmony and blessings of every kind return,—"pressed down, shaken together, and running over". Love pays dividends in our everyday living.

Life is an activity of energy and vibration—a receiving and a giving. We are *constantly receiving,* through the heartbeat, *unsullied* life. Through our individual thoughts and feelings, we are *just as constantly* changing its quality into whatever the mood of the moment dictates. In reality, *all our endeavors* should be centered in *raising* the quality of our energy (through consciously directed thought and feeling) into the Divine Nature of this pure life which is flowing into our use so generously and ceaselessly.

If one were to study the reaction to vibrations of the little creatures of the Nature Kingdom, such as the bird, the fawn, or the rabbit, he would begin to understand the requirement of the peaceful and gentle vibrations that will make a bird alight upon his hands or a fawn to lie at his feet.

One can test himself again and again as to how much of that peaceful feeling he has cultivated by the reaction of the physical Nature Kingdom toward him.

St. Francis of Assisi could draw to him any creature of the forest by his personal radiation of God's peace and his actual love for these beings. He was also surrounded constantly by countless members of the Angelic Host Who did his bidding on more than one occasion, in protecting and sustaining lives, dissolving plagues, and preventing storms of catastrophic nature.

Once in the small Italian city of Gubbio, which St. Francis often visited, there was a fierce and vicious wolf. Everyone was

afraid to go out upon the streets, for he not only attacked other animals but children and grown-ups as well. So many of their domestic animals had been destroyed, that the people had made up their minds to rid themselves once and for all of this savage beast. They had captured him and had raised their clubs to beat him when suddenly St. Francis appeared on the scene.

"Lay down your weapons" he said. "The power of God is greater than your clubs."

People in great numbers were beginning to gather around, for they expected a miracle.

The animal sprang at the monk but, with his right hand, St. Francis made the Sign of the Cross over him, saying: "In the name of Christ, Brother Wolf," he said, "I command you to harm no one". As meek as a lamb, the tamed wolf lay itself down at his Master's feet.

"Brother Wolf," continued St. Francis, "You have done much that is wrong. You have taken that which did not belong to you. You have mutilated the creatures of God and it is mete that you should pay with your life. However, One greater than you or I was crucified by the beast in mankind and He returned pardon for their transgressions. So do I forgive you, Brother Wolf, in His Name".

"No doubt you have been hungry, Brother Wolf. From now on you shall have food given you daily, if you will give me your word never to steal, attack, or kill again."

The animal's head lowered.

"Are you willing to seal your promise with a handshake?" queried St. Francis, whereupon the wolf placed its paw in its Master's right hand.

The people were non-plussed and not a little embarrassed to see this—coming from the little monk whom they had so often derided! Surely the Power of God was with him! Like wild fire, the news of the miracle spread. Hurriedly, the villagers gathered around him in amazement.

Then the good Saint pointed out to them that the *beast of their own evil doings* was ever lurking about, waiting for an opportunity to return upon them the results of their own misdeeds with a greater certainty and effectiveness than the beastliness of the wolf. When it came, there was only one way to handle it and that was with love and graciousness as He

had transmuted the savage in the animal. "Return good for evil; truth for error; hope for dispair; harmony for discord; joy for sadness and so fulfill the Law of Christ."

The people of Gubbio then promised that they would keep their part of the peace-pact with their one-time enemy, for they knew now that God had saved them through one of His disciples.

The wolf ate daily of the food supplied him; did no harm to any creature, and was thenceforth known as the *Brother of St. Francis.*

SAINT FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS

Have you ever known birds of the fields so tame that they would alight upon one's table to relieve man of the left-over crumbs when he had finished eating; or have you ever had robins bring you their little ones for safe-keeping while they went about their daily work; or a pheasant love you so much that it would no longer eat when it was forced to part company with you? St. Francis did!

One morning early, while He was walking among the trees and thinking about God, he heard some swallows singing. There were hundreds of them perched on the limbs above him.

"I must preach to them", he said to himself. So He began telling them how grateful they should be to God Who had clothed them with feathers to keep them comfortable; given them trees in which to build their nests; streams from which to drink; fresh air to breathe and freedom to fly wherever they chose to go. "Even birds" He said, "should be grateful to God Who had created them and given them so much."

As the Saint finished speaking, the spirit of the flock responded to His love. They spread their wings and bowed low their heads in gratitude to God until St. Francis acknowledged their obeisance. Then they all sang and flew away.

Again He came upon a newly-harvested wheat field where a number of His feathered friends were feeding on the grain that had been missed by the gleaners. They did not fly away at His approach. He stroked them gently and even tucked some of them away in His cloak. When He spoke to them they, too, bowed in adoration, sang beautifully, and flew away.

Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson tells us in his inimitable way about the Saint and His bird companions:

"Once St. Francis of Assisi saw a crowd of little birds
So He preached a sermon to them and they listened to His words;
'Praise the Lord, my little sisters, for the Lord, your God is good;
In the ark that Noah made He saved your fathers from the flood'.

Pleased because He called them 'sisters' all the birds spread out their wings
And flew down to Brother Francis who could say such pretty things.
'Praise the Lord, my little sisters, for the Lord, your God is good,
And He gives you trees for houses, streams for drink and grain for food'.

Then they stretched their necks and bowed their heads until they touched the sod,
While He told them they must study always to give praise to God.
Lastly, with the Cross He blessed them, and their faith the birds confessed,
Flying off in four battalions, North and South and East and West.

Out of all the lovely deeds that Francis did in sweet Assisi,
I have chosen only this because its lesson is so easy;
'Praise the Lord, and love His creatures, bird and beast, as well as men'.
Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that He were here again."

(By R. H. Benson from "St. Francis of Assisi" published by The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, North Providence, Rhode Island. Reprinted with permission of the publishers.)

THE GREAT WHITE BROTHERHOOD

(Lives of Great Men and Women Who have blessed the human race)

The *name* "Great White Brotherhood" does not refer to the color of the skin of the body through which an individual blesses life. *"White"* refers to the mystic radiation of benediction and blessing which flows from those who have dedicated their lives to enriching and purifying the human race. There have been many noble men and women of various races who have so given specific gifts to the forward progress of mankind . . . Kwan Yin (Goddess of Mercy), Whose expression was Chinese; Booker T. Washington, whose expression was through the negro race, etc.

The Great White Brotherhood is merely a title to acknowledge the UNITY of purpose and EFFICACY of works done in the Name of God on behalf of mankind, whereby the Divine Plan is furthered on this sweet Earth. Ascended Beings, Angels, Devas, Seraphim and Cherubim also contribute from Their God-free Estate to the blessings poured to all life evolving in the Earth, on the Earth and in Its atmosphere. The blessings of the God-free Beings flow (like the light of the Sun) throughout the entire atmosphere and can be magnetized, digested and utilized by any self-conscious intelligence who desires to have the benediction of These Beings. In the unascended state, *many* good men and women form the Grails into which the gifts, inspirations and concentrated benedictions of the Ascended Members of The Great White Brotherhood flow.

One Member of The Great White Brotherhood is known as the Ascended Master Kuthumi. His service is to bring spiritual education and illumination to those who desire to rise out of the chains of limitation. He serves with The Brothers of the Golden Robe. In previous embodiments, before His Ascension, He was Caspar, one of the three Wise Men (Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar) Who followed The Star to Bethlehem. He was also the Greek scholar Pythagoras and, later, St. Francis of Assisi. Any one who is desirous of learning the Spiritual Law of Life or of becoming more efficacious as a teacher of their fellowmen, can receive great assistance from Him.

To those desiring such assistance, it is humbly recommended that the attention, love and call be directed to Blessed Kuthumi. The resulting illumination of the outer consciousness will be proof enough of His reality and His desire to assist those who invite His Presence and His guidance.

Dearly Beloved Heavenly Father and Beloved Master Kuthumi:

We thank Thee for the privilege of knowing of Thee! We ask Divine illumination to shine upon our pathways—to guide us ever in Thy Will and Thy Way —to sustain us in *happily* doing the Will of God through all the members of our body, soul, mind and feelings! Amen.

THIS IS FRIENDSHIP!

I LOVE YOU—not only for what you are, but for what I AM when I AM with you.

I LOVE YOU—not only for what you have made of yourself but for what you are making of me.

I LOVE YOU—for the part of me that you bring out.

I LOVE YOU—for putting your hand into my heaped up heart and passing over all the frivolous and weak things that you cannot help seeing there, and drawing out into the Light all the beautiful, radiant things that no one else has looked quite deep enough to find.

I LOVE YOU—for ignoring the possibilities of the fool in me and for laying firm hold of the possibilities of Good in me.

I LOVE YOU for closing your eyes to the discords in me, and for adding to the music in me by worshipful listening.

I LOVE YOU because you are helping me to make of the lumber of my life not a tavern, but a temple, and of the words of my every day not a reproach, but a song.

I LOVE YOU because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me happy.

You have done it all without a touch, without a word, without a sign. You have done it all by just being YOURSELF.

After all, perhaps this is what "being a friend" means!

—Unknown.

* * * *

"Says the Christ in me to the Christ in you,
How do you do brother, how do you do?
Says the Christ in you to the Christ in me,
What do you see brother, what do you see?
And the Christ in me bends down an ear—
And answers: "I hear brother, I hear—
I knew you once in the long ago,
And the two Christ's answer, "Yes, I know!"

—R. Norwood

Excerpts from

THE ART OF LIVING

by

Doctor Norman Vincent Peale

To gain the esteem, respect and love *of* other people, you must give esteem, respect and love *to* them. It is a two-way street. In this life we only get back what we give. You give hate to the world, you get back hate. Look at the world from an attitude of superiority, give out prejudice, ill-will, contempt and that's what you'll get back. The whole universe is an echo-cavern. What you send out reverberates back to you. So — to get the love and esteem of other people, you must give them love and esteem.

Take the marriage relationship. Personally I think there has been too much talk about love — too little emphasis on the word 'respect.' If you can get people to respect each other's sacred personality, to hold each other in veneration and esteem, you'll put marriage on a higher plane. Esteem is the key-word in a successful marriage.

I saw a news story in a daily paper. The headline was "Thanks for Our Fifty-Five Happy Years." The story read, "Henry Hensel, of Saddle River, telephoned the Passaic-Herald News today on his fifty-fifth wedding anniversary with the following classified ad: 'To my sweetheart, Sophie Hensel, I wish to thank you publicly for your love and devotion and for fifty-five years of wedded happiness made possible by your unmatched qualities as wife, mother, mother-in-law, grandmother and great great-grandmother. *We all revere and esteem you.* Your devoted husband. Henry Hensel'."

The News-Herald of Passaic, New Jersey really showed imagination for they placed this ad, free of charge, on page one. The Hensels not only have love for one another, they have esteem and respect also. You can have people devoted to you, if you just love and respect them, and let them know how highly you think of them.

Some time ago I made a speech in Springfield, Illinois, and visited the tomb of Lincoln. The men with me were citizens of Springfield who had visited the Lincoln Tomb many times.

The guide pointed out the inscription on the wall above the sarcophagus, the words of Stanton who had once called Lincoln, "that great ignoramus from Illinois, a baboon who doesn't have brains enough to be President of the United States." But Lincoln had kept Stanton in office because, he said, "he is the greatest Secretary of War we've ever had." Lincoln didn't care about a personal hurt. He wanted the country to have that fine service which Stanton could give. And it was Stanton's final appraisal of Lincoln that was engraved on that wall the words in eternal marble, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Suddenly I felt tears in my eyes. Then I noticed tears in the eyes of all the others too. "Isn't it strange," I said later "that grown men should be so affected, ninety years after his death?" One man said, "He loved everybody." And another, "He loved the plain people; he was one of them." And another who, I thought, hit it closer than anybody said: "He respected everybody, from the most humble to the most exalted." I believe that's just it. Ninety years after he died, Abraham Lincoln is still our greatest man because he had esteem for the common man. You can gain esteem and affection from your fellows in the same way by recognizing, with profound self-respect, your own greatness of soul, and by seeing in every man the great soul that he is — see the great soul that is there, respect it, love it and in return he will love and respect you. Give esteem and you will receive esteem, for if you are big enough to give love and respect you grow big enough to deserve to receive it.

There is another way to go about getting people's esteem and that is never to let people upset you. The way to handle the problem of criticism and hostility is to be very calm and imperturbable. A friend told me that his father, a simple farmer, was the greatest human being he had ever known. "When anybody did anything mean to my father," he said, "instead of flying into a rage, *he flew into a great calm.* He got as quiet and cool as a deep pool into which a rock has been flung, making only a ripple before it sank to the bottom. In this way my father was always master of the situation and he won the friendship and the esteem of his antagonist." What a technique, don't fly into a rage, but fly into a great calm.

The reason a persons treats *you* mean is that *his* ego has been upset. If you treat him calmly, make him know that you

honor his ego, he will come to respect, even like you, because you have given him the greatest thing he can have, his own self-respect.

A man told me that when he was young he was engaged to a girl. Then the Army called him — this was in World War I — and he went overseas. Before leaving he entrusted his girl to his best friend, asking him to watch out for her and this friend, Bill, took such care of her that he married her. My friend came home actually planning to kill Bill. "I'll find him," he promised himself, "point my gun at him and say, 'You stole her from me.' Then I'll watch the terror come into his eyes and I'll shoot him." Such was his blood-curdling objective.

But Bill and his bride moved away, "I didn't have money enough to follow him," my friend went on. "So I got a job, saved my money meaning to follow him the next summer. But I couldn't quite make it. I had to postpone shooting Bill. But I kept thinking how beautiful and sweet was that girl of mine. Well, twenty summers went by. Finally I went West but I'd long since lost my hate. I spent one day with them. I found that my beautiful and gentle girl of olden days had become a mean, nagging, critical, harsh woman. So I took Bill outside and instead of shooting him expressed my appreciation to him.

"You see?" my friend continued, "the Lord works things out. If you are restrained and learn to keep calm and quiet after a while the anger sinks down into that pool of quietness."

You will find also that people love the one who builds them up. People love that person who brings out the best in them. Henry Ford once said, "Your real friend is the man who brings out of you the best that is in you."

Such a person is Catherine Marshall who wrote the story of her husband's life. She radiates dynamic, spiritual power. When they filmed her book, she made a lasting spiritual impression in Hollywood.

A famous Hollywood star came to see me after the Peter Marshall film had been made. He told me that the studio assigned several script writers to see Mrs. Marshall. One of them was a seemingly flippant, sophisticated girl.

"Oh, dear," she had said. "I've got to have lunch with a preacher's wife. She'll probably be about the dullest woman

I've ever met. I'd better fortify myself with a cocktail or two first."

Then this actor told me of the girl's reaction to Mrs. Marshall. "She was so sparkling, so fascinating; she reached down into me and brought me up to a level I'd never been on before. She made me realize what I *could be.*" And consequently this girl script writer loved Catherine Marshall devotedly. That was because Mrs. Marshall had given Christian love and esteem to this girl who wasn't being her best self. Human beings are very wonderful when they find themselves esteemed and loved. As you give to them, they will give back to you. Every person has a deep, fundamental desire to respect himself, a deep longing to have the respect and affection of his fellows. Jesus Christ said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another.". . . .

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GOD-SUCCESS—Do You Want It?

Everyone wants success of some kind, whether it be financial, social, healing—perhaps the type of success desired depends upon the nature of the individual who wants it. Well, the sensible and practical way to go about getting such success would be to go where we know it is, wouldn't it? Can you possibly imagine anyone more successful than God Himself—the Great, All-powerful Creator of the entire Universe? You may have heard the statement (which, by the way, is the distress call of humanity to the Heavenly Hosts and which brings instantaneous help to the one who repeats it three times in succession) "The Light of God NEVER Fails". That is a self-evident Truth. Ingenious as the mind of men seems sometimes to be—especially in this day of the bringing forth of so many seemingly miraculous machines and scientific experiments—with all of this, can he regulate the Forces of Nature and the Elements with ease, just according to his liking? Can he stop the Sun from shining at will? No—when it does not shine (or at least when man does not *see* It shine with his

physical sight) It is there all the time—shining brightly away—and only the clouds and mists created by mankind's individual and collective misunderstandings, doubts, fears and general discordant thoughts and feelings temporarily shut off the sight of It from the world of man.

What is a "sure-fire" recipe for *sustained* success? Perhaps if you will ask anyone who has achieved outstanding success, you find that, secretly or otherwise, they had taken God into their project with them as their Senior Partner! It is said that John D. Rockefeller had a small room in his home into which he always went before an important meeting. In this room he stilled his outer mind and asked for the guidance and help of his Heavenly Father before making any big decision. Many other successful men have done a similar thing. Do you? God—Whose very life you are using and Who lives right within your beating heart (the Creator of your very being) is surely more interested in your success than anyone else. Think it through! "Ask and ye shall receive. . . ." is one of the many promises of the ages from that Heavenly Father to His children. Then—if we have the grace to *listen* to what He tells us in the "still, small voice", there will come many illuminating and helpful ideas which, *if followed,* will make and keep us successful for all time. We want a *sustained* success—for what good is a success that is here today and gone tomorrow?

After all, you know, there is really no such thing as failure. What sometimes seems like failure is only delay—until one learns the true way of accomplishment—the "knack" as we sometimes say, of doing it!

Now, suppose your most cherished plan or project has fallen quite flat! There may be a number of reasons for that—we mention just a few for your consideration here.

Perhaps you have not held a clear enough picture in the mind; have not believed enough in your venture, or you have not *stayed with* the idea long enough to bring it through.

Then, too, aside from holding the positive idea about it—it depends a great deal on what we "say" about it—since every word we utter has its own rate of vibration *and the Law is exact.* As someone has so well said: "The Law of Manifestation has no sense of humor". Therefore, be careful not to jest and joke about something you DON'T WANT TO HAP-

PEN! You see, all thoughts, feelings, spoken words and deeds register upon the substance of our worlds and build into those worlds just what those thoughts, feelings, spoken words and deeds represent. If we make disparaging joking remarks about ourselves or others, those vibrations act quite scientifically in the worlds of *all concerned.* They also keep from coming into expression those finer vibrations of perfection after which we are constantly striving and which we feel will bring us happiness. One of the world's great Teachers puts it very strongly in one of His writings: "In the Name of God! STOP using negative and wrong expressions. . . ." and, if one wants God-success in all his affairs, wise is the individual who takes the admonition of his Teacher Who has trod the Path before him and knows every step of the way.

These human habits of thought, feeling, spoken word and deed must be brought under our conscious control. *Watch your words!* Every day we all hear such words as "afraid", "broke", "old", "weak", etc. and such expressions as "I thought she had failed me. . ."; "I am broke"; and so forth. Now, as a matter of fact, no one can possibly fail us in reality, for there is only ONE LIFE — GOD — and HE IS ALWAYS FAITHFUL! When we think such thoughts, it is really WE, (our outer consciousness) who fail the one about whom we are thinking because we are (unconsciously, perhaps) seeing imperfection where we should be seeing the Christ Self of that individual stand forth. Take the statement about another when such thoughts and feelings come to you: "There is only the perfect Christ Self in action there and I am one with It (because I am one with all life)". If you will do this, you will have relief from that lonely, hurt and forsaken feeling such as you have never experienced before.

Someone remarked recently that it seems so difficult to correct the habits of the outer self. Well, it just has to be done sometime, somewhere, because so many of the delays in our successful accomplishments are due to the so-called *unconscious* habits of thought, feeling, spoken word and deed. We are reminded of a story about a young man in India who went to one of the Great Masters there asking: "Master, how long will it take me to attain perfection?"

"As many embodiments as there are leaves on that tree" said the Master, pointing to one growing nearby.

"That many?" asked the aspirant. "Then there is no use in even beginning. I'll stay with the pleasures of the world".

Another youth came to the Master after the first one, asking the same question, to which the Master gave the same reply.

Said the second youth: "Good! Then at least I know it can be done. I shall begin at once to prepare for it".

Remember that old adage: "A thing *begun* is half done".

As to the second thought, that of staying with our idea long enough to bring it into outer expression, we sometimes permit ourselves to be too easily discouraged. You need not allow this, however, if you do as Florence Shinn suggests in her book: "The Game of Life and How to Play It". She speaks of a clergyman who used to baptize children with a given name, but now uses the same general formula for baptizing all his experiences with the name of the thing he wants, i.e., success, opulence, health, and so forth. If something seems to be expressing in your world just the opposite of what you are working for, say to every such experience: "In the Name, Love, Power and Glory of the Ascended Jesus Christ, I baptize this appearance and experience with perfection and the success I want to have manifest".

If you will do this determinedly (*and keep it up!*) you must realize your heart's desire. "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success"! There is no other way it can come about!

You know, if you started out for Chicago and got off the train at Pittsburgh, could you honestly say that the train had failed to take you to Chicago? Hardly! You simply did not stay with it long enough to let it get you there! Now that is the way with our manifesting success in all our undertakings. If you will stay with your project long enough, faithfully and energetically feeding it daily by joyously seeing it perfectly manifest in your hands and use RIGHT NOW, there will be no such thing as even seeming failure in your world. Besides, this very word and concept thereof will be wiped out of your mind, memory and experience. So—in the last analysis —*there is no failure;* there is only delay until you refuse acceptance of that which you do not want and "keep on keeping on" until success is in your hands. "The world makes way for the determined man". Nothing is impossible to you if you are determined enough.

"BY YOUR WORDS . . . . ."

Said the Beloved Jesus: "By your words shall ye be justified and by your words shall ye be condemned". Another time He assured those He was teaching that all would be called to account for the life they had invested in every idle word. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as an "'idle" word and the translation here is not quite correct. Every word is a living vibrant form going out into the atmosphere filled with our life, powerful or otherwise according to the amount of feeling we have put into it. One of the words used so often and so thoughtlessly by mankind and which has caused so much distress of mind, body and affairs, is the word "hate".

The word "hate" should never be released into the atmosphere by any human being, especially if that one is interested in at least trying to live the constructive way of life and desiring to experience its good gifts which will make and keep him and his loved ones happy. The form this word makes in the atmosphere around its creator is unpleasant in the extreme. One gentleman of our acquaintance who had inner sight remarked one time in speaking about this word that the first time he actually saw the thought-form created by the word, it was so shocking that nothing could ever induce him to let it pass his lips again.

You see, we use this word so carelessly at times in expressions such as "I'd hate to think that . . ."; "I hate to keep you waiting . . ."; "I hate hot weather . . ."; and so forth whereas, really what is meant is not a feeling of hate at all but simply a preference for the opposite quality, thing or condition.

If we will watch our conversation and our use of words and expressions, we can save ourselves many, many unpleasant experiences which we would rather avoid. Consciously make it your business by daily practice to watch your words, substituting constructive and beautiful words for the opposite kind. You will be amazed at the result of this—even the facial expressions change as individuals deliberately set about improving their vocabulary for thus they raise their consciousness more closely into that greater perfection which their own God-Self wants them to be. Jesus said: "It is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom" and, in that Kingdom, only words of Divine love, understanding, forgiveness, helpful-

ness, beauty, success and tender solicitude for life are spoken.

This can be made a game and bring you great joy. Try it! Deliberately and conscientiously watch your speech for just one day and see how many of your habitual words suggest to your world and those you contact defeat, age, discouragement and that which you would not have manifest for the world. Set about to change your words into those which will bring you health, happiness and God-success of every description and greater good must come to you. It costs nothing to try this and it keeps you busy creating that which you really want.

Jesus said also: "My words are My life and they shall not return unto Me void but shall accomplish that whereunto I have sent them!" Speak constructively as Jesus did and *your* words, too, shall bring you that which you command!

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES

Socrates was the Father of Philosophy. One day this man, one of the greatest of the old Greeks, went for a walk by the river Ilissus with a young friend, Phaedrus, and they talked for hours in a lovely spot. Then Phaedrus said: "Now, as the heat has abated, let us depart from here". They started to go but Socrates hesitated.

"Should we not offer up a prayer first?" said the philosopher. "By all means," said Phaedrus. With reverent heart and bowed head, Socrates offered up a prayer which has often been called the wisest and most beautiful one offered outside of Palestine:

"O, God, the Beloved, Who haunts this beautiful place, give me beauty of the inward soul and may the outward and the inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate can bear and carry."

Then, lifting up his head, he said: "Anything more? That prayer, I think, is enough for me". To which Phaedrus answered: "Ask the same for me, for friends should have all great things in common". So he did and then said: "Let us go".—J. F. N.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of . . ."—*Tennyson.*

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AFTER SEED-TIME—THE HARVEST!

"What of the tomorrow which, you say, *never comes?*

Jesus Christ gave us the parable of the sower, in whose fields grew both the wheat and the tares. You plant a thought in the field of your consciousness and that thought becomes later an entity in your life!

The wheat and the tares in the field of the farmer have defined seasons of progression from seed-time to harvest. *Thought-progression has seasons too,* but the rotation of these has not been catalogued. Sophistries (unsound arguments, plausible and appearing well—but deceptive reasoning) based on the elusiveness of tomorrow, do not prevent the fruitage of any sown seed or the garnering thereof.

As a *temporal* fact, tomorrow is always one day ahead of you. As an *eternal* fact—*today is the tomorrow of your yesterdays* and your sowings in the yesterdays are now falling before the sickle of Eternity. Your sowing today will come to harvest later.

'He hath set eternity in their hearts', and your harvest is continuous—in the continuous today!"—*Selected.*

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"THE WAYS OF THE GODS—"

"The ways of the Gods are *natural;* the ways of men *unnatural* and there is nothing *supernatural* except this—that if a man does a useless thing, none reproves him; if he does a harmful thing, few seek to restrain him; but if he seeks to imitate the Gods and to encourage others so to do, all those in authority accuse him of corruption. So, it is more dangerous to teach Truth than to enter a powder magazine with a lighted torch!"—from "Om", by Talbot Mundy.

Jesus proved Himself to be aware of this same Truth when He told the disciples that He was sending them forth as sheep in the midst of wolves. A very wonderful way to protect ourselves from that which is not of God, as we traverse the ways of Earth, is to feel one's self completely enfolded each morning in the luminous Presence of the Beloved Jesus, in blazing white light. "Cap" your own form and that of anyone you wish to so protect with this luminous Presence, just as you would "cap" the writing end of a fountain pen. Try to remember this enfolding Presence many times during the day and it will "short-circuit" those "tramp" thought and feeling forms of a destructive and negative nature which float in the atmosphere of Earth at all times, particularly in large cities where many people are gathered together in a more or less limited space. This not only draws the protection of the Beloved Jesus about those who use this exercise, but it also draws His wisdom and Way of Life which, if followed with persistence, *will give all* His "consciousness that has overcome the world".—*Selected.*